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## Spectator of Books.

### LORD DOVER'S NEW WORK.

*The Life of Frederic II. King of Prussia.*  
2 vols. Longman and Co.

LORD DOVER, (late the Hon. Agar Ellis,) whose industry of research and correctness of taste have been long and duly appreciated by the literary world, has just favoured us with a couple of octavo volumes, well stored with historical narrative and pleasant anecdote, under the above title. We are glad to observe, that in the composition of this work his lordship has rather held completeness and correctness in view, than rapidity of action, as will be seen from a sensible observation in his preface, which we quote:—

"The following pages have occupied the author of them for some time, and have extended to a greater length than he originally intended; partly from abundance of materials, and partly from a wish on his part, having once commenced the work, to do justice to his subject. He was originally induced to undertake the task, by a feeling, that a Life of Frederick the Second, which should collect under one view the authentic, yet scattered, accounts of that extraordinary man, was a desideratum in history and literature."

These pages, though evidencing considerable erudition and laborious inquiry on the part of their author, betray none of that pomposity of diction which some well-read men seem to think indispensable qualifications of their learning. Though full of deep interest to the historical student, they have also an abundant supply of lighter matter for the general reader, amongst which are the following:—

*Anecdotes of Voltaire at the Court of Frederic the Great.*

1. *Of Voltaire's Corrections of Frederic's Style of Writing.*—"One of his corrections, which may give a notion of the style of the others, is as follows: In one of his *'épîtres familières,'* Frederic makes use of the word *plats* several times in the course of a few lines. Voltaire draws a line under the word whenever it occurs, and then puts in the margin, '*plats—plats—plats—voilà assez de plats pour un bon souper!*' To make up for the freedom of such marginal

annotations as these, great praise of the royal author occasionally appears. At the end of one of Frederic's letters in the same book, we find the following words in Voltaire's hand-writing: '*Que d'esprit, de graces, d'imagination! Qu'il est doux de vivre aux pieds d'un tel homme!*'

2. "Among the advantages which were to accrue to Voltaire, in consequence of his residence in the palace of the King of Prussia, was the being supplied with tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, &c. Those, however, whose duty it was to furnish him with these articles, usually sent him very bad ones. Voltaire complained of this to the king, who promised to have it remedied. The evil, however, continuing, and Voltaire again complaining, the king, in a jocose tone, told him, that as he saw that his anxiety respecting these trifles diverted his mind from the sublime studies in which he was engaged, he would give orders that he should no longer be troubled with them; and accordingly ordered these perquisites to be suppressed. The conclusion which the king thus unexpectedly came to, astonished and enraged the poet; and determined him to make up, by his own contrivances, for the advantages of which he had been deprived. With this view, he was accustomed to sell the allowance of wax candles which was still made to him, and to supply their place by the following ingenious manœuvre. While passing the evenings with the king in his apartment, he was accustomed to take opportunities of retiring to his own room; and each time that he did so, he armed himself with one of the large wax candles which lighted the king's rooms, which he never brought back with him.

3. "Upon one occasion, when Frederic thought he had more reason than usual to be displeased with Voltaire, he wrote to him a reproachful note, which concluded with these severe words: 'You have a heart a hundred times more horrible than your genius is beautiful.' He sent this note from his own apartment to that of Voltaire by a page. When Voltaire had read it, his rage knew no bounds. He applied to the king every odious epithet he could think of; at the same time making the most virulent charges against him. All this, with a loud and angry voice, while striding about his room, and showing symptoms of extreme agitation. The poor page, who was waiting for his answer, was frightened beyond measure, and endeavoured to arrest

his course, by saying to him, 'Sir, recollect yourself, and reflect that he is king; that you are in his house; and that I, who listen to you, am in his service.' These words had an instantaneous effect upon Voltaire, though without apparently calming his violence; but he seized the page by the arm and cried out, 'It is you, sir, that I take as the judge between him and me. I defy you to discover any fault I have committed towards him. I have committed one, it is true, and it is an irreparable one: it is that of having taught him to make verses better than I can myself. Go, sir, and take him this answer!' The page went up stairs again to the king, whom he found walking about his room, and waiting impatiently for the answer. 'Have you delivered my note?' cried the king, as soon as he saw him. 'Yes, sire.' 'Did you deliver it to M. de Voltaire himself?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Did he read it before you?' 'Yes, sire.' 'What did he say and do, after having read it?' To this question the terrified page returned no answer. 'I ask you what M. de Voltaire said, when he had read my note?' Still the page continued silent. 'Take care of yourself, sir,' continued the angry monarch; 'I am determined to know what he said and did. There, speak! I command you.' The page, now more frightened than ever, began to tell his tale, stopping between almost every word, and not daring to lift his eyes to the king, who, as the relation proceeded, became every instant more agitated, and more angry. But the exaggerated compliments to his own verses, which concluded the communication, restored him at once to calmness; and when the page had finished, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'He is certainly mad!'

The two following anecdotes exhibit Frederic's character in a highly amiable point of view:—

*Frederic and his Soldiers.*—"One evening, after a great battle, Frederic approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. 'Generally,' said they, 'you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so.' The king, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he



began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great-coat, and a ball dropped out, which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great-coat and coat was also perceptible. Upon this, the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun, 'You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us: we will all die for you!' And the conversation concluded with their cheers, and their entreaties to the king to take more care of his own safety."

*Death of his Nephew Henry.*—"The king was peculiarly attached to this prince, on whose rising talents and good qualities he dwelt with fond affection. His death was a grievous blow to his royal uncle, who, upon this occasion, showed more deep feeling than he was generally supposed to be possessed of. He had determined to consecrate to his memory a eulogy, which was afterwards read at a meeting of the academy; and, as was common to him upon such occasions, he sent for the Professor Thiebault to copy and correct it. When Thiebault arrived, the king received him with a countenance of deep melancholy, but, at the same time, with the air of a man who was determined to master his feelings. In this he, to a certain degree, succeeded, while he detailed his reason for sending for him; but when he attempted to read the composition to Thiebault, his voice faltered. He had hardly got to the fourth page, before his grief became ungovernable. He burst into a flood of tears, and covering his face with his hands, held out the manuscript to Thiebault, without being able to utter a single word. 'I took the papers,' says that writer, 'contemplating with respect and a sort of consolation this great man, who thus proved himself as accessible as the rest of mankind to affections the most touching and the most dear to human nature.' After a pause of some minutes, Frederic ejaculated with difficulty, 'You understand what I wish you to do. Good night.' And thus concluded this interview, so honourable to the heart of Frederic; and from which Thiebault came away with an increased veneration for that monarch, bottomed upon his conviction of the sincerity of the feelings which he had displayed, and of his anxious wish, had it been possible for him to have done so, to have concealed them."

We conclude our extracts with a curious account of

*The Princesses Amelia and Ulrica.*—"The object of the Swedish ambassador, who was sent to Berlin to negotiate a marriage with a princess of the house of Prussia, was to obtain the hand of the Princess Amelia for the Prince of Sweden. That princess was strongly imbued with feelings of attachment for the religious tenets

in which she had been educated, which were those of the Calvinists. She regarded with horror the change from Calvinist to Lutheran, which would have been necessary had she accepted the hand of the heir to the throne of Sweden. In this dilemma she opened her heart to her sister Ulrica, and demanded her advice to enable her to avoid the marriage. The Princess Ulrica, having first ascertained the fixed determination of her sister never to consent to the condition of changing her religion, counselled her to make herself as disagreeable as she possibly could to the Swedish envoy; to show the greatest haughtiness when in his presence; to treat him herself with contempt; and to endeavour to appear as capricious and as domineering as possible. This conduct, which the Princess Amelia pursued, had the desired effect. The Swede turned from her, and began to observe the Princess Ulrica, whose conversation and manners presented the most studied contrast to those of her sister. At length, he demanded the hand of the Princess Ulrica for the Prince of Sweden. His offer was immediately accepted by Frederic, and with equal readiness by the princess herself. This acceptance, on the part of Ulrica, astonished and irritated Amelia. She thought her sister had deceived her, and that she had given her the advice which she had acted upon, in order to secure for herself the station which had been destined for another. Though the Princess Ulrica seems really to have acted with fairness in this transaction, her sister never forgave her; and it was while smarting under the feelings of humiliation and vexation at the treachery, which she thought had been practised upon her, that she first regarded Trenck with the eye of favour. Her state of mind rendered her peculiarly susceptible of feelings, to which she turned both for consolation and vengeance. It was, as has been previously mentioned, at one of the fêtes for the marriage of the Princess Ulrica, that the intimacy between Trenck and the Princess Amelia commenced, which ended so fatally for both. Upon Trenck it brought a long and most cruel imprisonment, and upon his royal mistress evils of a still more dreadful kind. The Princess Amelia appears to have been endowed by nature with personal beauty, with abilities, and with the gift and the wish to please. Shortly after her separation from her lover, she became suddenly and prematurely old and decrepit. Her beauty gave place to wrinkles; she was almost blind; her limbs were paralytic; and her utterance became so much embarrassed, that it was with difficulty she could be understood; her head shook violently; and her legs could not support her body. Her mind also became as much altered as her person. Instead of being the life of society, from the graces and amenities of

her disposition, she became solitary in her habits, and bitter in her temper; always decrying others, and always rejoicing in the calamities which befell them. With regard to her bodily infirmities, she is supposed, by taking poisonous drugs, and other means, to have inflicted them upon herself, in the perverseness of despair at her own sad fate. It is related, that her eyes being weak, her physician advised her to hold them over the steam of a very powerful liquid, but to take especial care, at the same time, not to approach the liquid to her eyes. Instead of attending to these instructions, she rubbed her eyes violently with it; and the consequence was, that almost total blindness ensued, and that her eyes ever afterwards had a most distorted appearance, and as if they were actually starting out of her head. She lived in this wretched state for many years, and died shortly after her brother Frederic, who always showed her a much greater degree of attention, and even of fondness, than he was accustomed to bestow upon the rest of his family."

These volumes are too important to be so easily parted from, and we shall probably return to their perusal before long.

#### COMETS FOR 1832.

*Time's Telescope for 1832; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holy-days, with existing and obsolete Rites and Customs, Sketches of Contemporary Biography, &c. &c.—Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies.—Notes of a Naturalist, explaining various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, &c.* Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

THIS is, we believe, the oldest of the "Annuals;" its first appearance, indeed, having been antecedent to the introduction of that vile coinage of a name, which has lately become so common among book-makers. The nineteenth volume, which is now before us, both in the quality and arrangement of its contents, savours much of the gravity and good sense of our forefathers. It is, strictly speaking, "a year book," and a very excellent one of its kind; being published annually, and comprising matters of interest and reference, which cannot be properly exhausted or laid aside till the very last day of December.

It is judiciously divided into three distinct compartments: 1. "Remarkable Days," including brief notices of saints' days, sketches of remarkable characters lately deceased, and a variety of other amusing and instructive information.—This, however industriously compiled, is not the most important feature of the



work, either as to its extent or intrinsic value. Section 2, headed "Astronomical Occurrences," will be found an extremely useful guide to those who take delight in watching the daily movements of the celestial bodies, being rendered yet more valuable by the introduction of a Treatise on Cometary Astronomy, which it is supposed, "at this period, must possess great interest, from the expected appearance of two remarkable comets in the course of the year." From this series of papers, for which we are indebted to the able pen of Mr. J. T. Barker, we shall make a few extracts; merely remarking that the third section, "Notes of a Naturalist," by Mr. James Rennie, of King's College, and author of the "Insect Architecture," of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, is replete with curious and attractive information.

The following general observations appear to have been industriously compiled, and are not only amusing, but instructive:—

"*Cometary Astronomy.*—Within the last few years, greater light has been thrown on the nature of comets, as to their physical structure and laws of motion, than could be possibly anticipated by the astronomers of antiquity. These bodies were, in general, considered to be meteors, generated in, and passing through, the atmosphere;—in later years, when a higher place had been assigned them in the heavens, they were regarded as wandering stars, entering by chance unvisited regions, and, after attracting for a longer or shorter space of time the curious eye, or terrifying the timid heart, they disappeared, never more to return.

"Comets seem, in all ages, to have made peculiar impression on every class of society, the learned as well as the unlearned; they were a terror to princes, a mystery to philosophers, gloomy presages of calamity to those countries from whence they were visible, and powerful agents for the crafty to excite the fears of the superstitious and credulous. As far back as the days of Homer they were considered harbingers of divine vengeance:

"A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wat'ry main."

"Pliny says, 'A comet is a body which is particularly frightful, and not easy to be propitiated; its cruel and powerful agency showed itself in the poisoning of Claudius, and the tyranny of Nero, his successor.' Of similar sentiments were Cicero and most of the poets of antiquity. At the dawn of science, after the long and dreary night of the middle ages, they were still regarded as messengers of direful portent, charged with 'the corruption of the air, the cause of earthquakes, war, dearth of corn, yea, a common death of man and

beast.' Some, however, considered them in a more cheering and animating point of view, as 'spirits which, having lived on the earth innumerable ages, and having at last completed their term of existence, celebrate their last triumph, and are recalled to heaven in the form of shining stars.'—Kepler, the celebrated astronomer, entertained the most absurd ideas of comets; he conceived them to be 'a species of huge animals, generated in the ethereal spaces, and that the earth, also a huge animal, is so terrified at the approach of a comet, that it sweats out a great quantity of vapour through terror, and that hence arise great rains and floods.'

"The following is a description of comets, from the 'Divine Weeks and Works' of Du Bartas, a French poet, who lived in the sixteenth century:—

"Here, in the night, appears a flaming spire,  
There a fierce dragon, folded all in fire;  
Here a bright comet, there a fiery stream;  
Here burning lances, there a burning beam;  
Here seems a horned goat, envircled round  
With fiery flakes, about the air to bound;  
There, with long bloody hair, a blazing star,  
Threatening the world with famine, plague,  
and war;  
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses,  
To all estates inevitable losses;  
To herdsmen rot—to ploughmen hapless seasons;  
To sailors storms—to cities civil treasons."

"Lubienitz, a Polish writer, speaks of a comet, which 'came out from an opening in the heavens, like to a dragon with blue feet, and a head covered with snakes.'

"As a suitable companion to these terrific pictures, we subjoin the following from the 'Exempla Cometarum' of Rosenburgh, cotemporary with Newton:—

"In the year 1527, about four in the morning, not only in the Palatine of the Rhine, but nearly over all Europe, appeared, for an hour and a quarter, a most horrible comet, in this sort:—in its length it was of a bloody colour, inclining to saffron; from the top of its train appeared a bended arm, in the hand whereof was a huge sword in the instant posture of striking. At the point of the sword was a star; from the star proceeded dusky rays, like a hairy tail; on the side of them, other rays, like javelins or lesser swords, as if imbrued in blood, between which appeared human faces of the colour of blackish clouds, with rough hair and beards. All these moved with such terrible sparkling and brightness, that many spectators swooned with fear."

"In perfect accordance with these descriptions are the drawings of comets in the old treatises on astronomy. A Celestial Atlas, published about the year 1680, has several; in which the fancy of the artist

has endeavoured to embody the wild and distorted descriptions of historians. \* \*

"From this introductory sketch it will be sufficiently evident, that there is no class of bodies in the universe concerning which there has existed so much groundless prejudice and apprehension as comets; nor is this feeling peculiar to the earlier ages: about the latter part of the year 1828, an impression generally prevailed that some baleful influence was connected with a comet then about to appear, of which it had been affirmed that it was the most likely of all others to come in contact with the earth. This was the comet of Encke. The German and French philosophers also predicted that the comet of Biela would, in the year 1832, breathe desolation on the human race, and, by its shock, reduce this beautiful world to its original chaos. In this country, notices appeared in the public prints relative to a comet, said to be visible; and those who possessed telescopes were directed to the place in the heavens where the monster was to be found. Every one who saw it wondered that it remained stationary;—it would, indeed, have been a wonderful phenomenon if it had moved; for this fancied comet proved to be the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda, the position of which, in the heavens, was as permanent as that of any of the fixed stars. At length, the expected comet did appear, but only dimly seen with the telescope; it passed the earth's orbit, crossed the paths of Venus and Mercury, mingled its mysterious cloud-like form with the solar rays, and disappeared.

"Both of these comets—the comet of Encke and the comet of Biela—will return this year, and cross the earth's orbit; the former in the spring, and the latter in the autumn; and the only antidote to any terror, on this account, is an investigation of the nature of these bodies, and the paths which they pursue; a task which it is proposed to attempt in the present volume of 'Time's Telescope;' and, from this investigation, it is presumed, that it will abundantly appear, that comets are 'harmless visitants,' and not baleful omens, or agents destined to destroy our beautiful world."

We proceed now to the history of the two comets with which this world is threatened, to crown or crush its miseries, in the approaching year:—

"*The Encke Comet.*—This comet was first observed in the year 1786 by two French philosophers, Messier and Mechain; it was then traversing the constellation Aquarius. It was again noticed in 1795 by Miss Herschel; its situation was then in Cygnus, destitute of tail or nucleus, having merely a nebulous appearance, not well defined, and about 3' in diameter.—In calculating its elements at this time, it was found very difficult to make the places



by observation correspond with a parabolic orbit, and the results of astronomers differed considerably with each other. This might, in some measure, have been owing to there being no bright stars in that part of the heavens through which the comet was pursuing its course, favorable for a comparison with it; and, if the places of the stars that were employed were not correctly determined, that alone would have tended to vitiate the whole calculation.

"M. Pons, who has been very successful in tracing this as well as many other comets, saw it October 20th, 1805; it then appeared as a star of the fourth magnitude, with a nucleus, and a very faint tail, two and a half degrees in length. It was, at this time, observed in Ursa Major.

"No idea had been entertained that the comet of 1786, 1795, and 1805, was the same body; this was principally to be attributed to the inaccuracy of the observations, and, consequently, the calculations founded on them, which prevented its identity being discovered till the year 1819, when it was observed in the constellation Pegasus; it appeared tolerably bright, having no appearance of a tail, its diameter 5' or 6', and could be discerned in the evening twilight when only 5° above the horizon. As the parabolic orbit, computed for it by M. Bouvard, did not represent the observations with sufficient accuracy, M. Encke was induced to assume an elliptical one, which satisfied the observed places with the greatest precision. He soon discovered its identity by correcting the former observations, and so accurately calculated its elements, as to merit the honours conferred on him by learned societies;—he discovered that the largest axis of its orbit is a little smaller than that of the asteroid Vesta; that in its aphelion it is midway between the orbits of the small planets and Jupiter; at its aphelion passes within the orbit of Mercury; that its greatest distance is twelve times its least distance, and its period about 1207 days, completing its revolution in rather less time than the asteroids.

"From an investigation of the intervals elapsed between the times of this comet being visible, it was soon discovered that there had been three revolutions between 1786 and 1795, and an equal number between 1795 and 1805, and that between 1805 and 1819 there had been four revolutions.

"Only one revolution in three is favorable for observing it in the northern hemisphere. When the comet passes its perihelion, between the months of October and February, it is so much to the north of the ecliptic as to render it visible in the northern hemisphere; at opposite seasons of the year it would be unfavorable to us, but favorable for observing it in the southern hemisphere.

"This was the case when it next returned; it was invisible here, but re-discovered at Paramatta, New South Wales, 2d of June, 1822, by M. Rumker, who observed it in Gemini, when it had passed its perihelion; and the places, as calculated by Professor Encke, agreed so accurately with those observed by M. Rumker, as fully to justify the honour conferred on Encke, by assigning his name to the comet.

"On its next return, in 1825, it was recognised in both hemispheres—at the Observatory at Paramatta, and at Marseilles, by M. Pons;—its situation in the heavens was near Pollux in Gemini; it had no tail, and was considered equal in brightness to the nebula in the head of Aquarius.

"The interest excited at its former returns, since 1819, was considerably increased in the year 1828, when its course in the heavens was peculiarly favorable for observation in the northern hemisphere; most of the observatories in Europe were vigilantly engaged in witnessing its return. It was seen early in October, on the continent, appearing exceedingly dim; about the middle of November it was satisfactorily observed in this country; its course was traced at Deptford, from the 24th of November till the middle of December.—Its figure was circular, approaching to an oval; a condensation of the nebulous matter was observed towards the centre, but without any star-like nucleus or tail.—Scarcely an evening passed without evidences of its pellucid nature, very small stars being seen through it.

"It is not very probable that it will be satisfactorily visible in this hemisphere during its return in the present year; it will pass its perihelion the early part of May.

"The return of this comet, in 1828, had been looked for with more than usual interest, on account of a small diminution in its period, observed between each return. This revived the ancient question of a vacuum or plenum, in which the heavenly bodies move; a point that cannot be determined by the planets, their masses being so dense, and an ether so rare, (if it exist,) that immense ages must roll on before its resistance to their motions would affect the period of their revolutions; and not only their density, but also their uniformity of volume and circular motions, combine to prevent such a resistance being perceptible. With comets the case is widely different, they being bodies exceedingly rare, and, consequently, most likely to be impeded by a medium, such as an ether. In the last return of this comet, some minute variation was noticed between its computed and observed places, but of a nature not sufficient to warrant a confirmation of the existence of this subtle fluid. It has been calculated that the den-

sity of the ether, sufficient to produce the acceleration observed in the mean motion of this comet, must be 360.000.000.000 times less than that of atmospheric air."

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"*The Comet of Biela, or Comet of 1832.* This comet was discovered on the 27th February, 1826, by M. Biela, at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, appearing as a small round nebula; it was seen by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, 9th March following, and afterwards observed at most of the European observatories. It continued visible till the beginning of May.

"On determining the elements of this comet, it was soon found that these had a great resemblance to comets which had appeared in the years 1772 and 1806; a closer investigation proved the identity of the three. An anomaly, however, appeared in the period of revolution, which, in one of its returns, was completed in 2460 days, and in the other, 2469 days. This inequality was found to be owing to the action of the planet Jupiter, near which the comet had passed in the years 1782, 1794, and 1807. Allowing for these perturbations, and a similar influence in May, 1831, the following are the elements, as calculated by M. Damoiseau:

"Passage of the perihelion, 1832, November, 27.4808, Paris.—Meantime, reckoning from midnight—

"Longitude of the perihelion....	109° 56' 45"
Longitude of the ascending node..	248 12 24
Inclination.....	13 13 13
Eccentricity .....	0.7517481
Semi-axis major .....	3.53683

"The comet will be nearest to the earth on the 22d of October, when its distance will be about fifty millions of miles.

"This is the comet concerning which such dire forebodings were entertained on the continent; many individuals firmly believing that, in the year 1832, it would come in contact with the earth, and prove its destruction. The alarm appears to have originated in the French capital, which seems especially accessible to these terrific apprehensions. In the year 1773, the celebrated La Lande wrote a memoir on cometary influence, which was intended to be read by him at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. This memoir, however, was not read, but its subject was whispered abroad, until at length it was asserted, that a comet had been announced, 'que dans un an, dans un mois—dans huit jours,' would occasion the destruction of the world. The popular tumult at length increased to such a degree, that the lieutenant of police requested of La Lande to re-establish the public tranquillity, by explaining the nature of the memoir.—The terrors of the Parisians were not, however, allayed till the memoir itself was published."

As we intend, from the beginning of the year, regularly to devote a more extensive



portion of our weekly columns to scientific matters, we shall probably, from time to time, recur to this highly useful and entertaining volume. In the mean time, we must observe, that it is thick and well-filled for the money, and embellished in a superior style, especially as regards the astronomical department.

#### A "BURKEING" STORY.

*New Monthly Magazine for December.*  
"The Victim; a True Story. By a Medical Student."

[*"We insert this story, (for which we have to thank an anonymous contributor,) in place of a sketch of greater literary merit, in the hope that any little impression it may create, will serve to swell the general desire for immediate reform in a system which most urgently and fearfully demands it."*]

SUCH is the preface which introduces to our notice one of the most miserable and disgusting farragos of nonsense that ever disgraced printing-ink and paper. Mr. Bulwer, the editor of *The New Monthly*, and, consequently, the "we" in question, is generally reported to be a gentleman of refined taste, and considerable worldly tact, with a perfect knowledge, moreover, of the materials and feelings of "exquisite" life. He must know best, therefore, how far such compositions as the above-named are likely to "create an impression," and of what sort, in the drawing-rooms of fashion,—all we can say is, that in the humble parlours of middle life they are not appreciated.

We are loth to lend our columns to the further dissemination of such trash, yet, with the view of exposing to merited derision, the folly and bad taste of such "exquisite" quackery, we will favour our readers with a sketch of this "true story" which is intended to do the important service of "swelling the general desire for immediate reform in a system which most urgently and fearfully demands it."

This "true story" is related by a medical student, whose friend, Melville St. Clare,—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools,—is the unhappy hero of the dismal tragedy. To give the narrative as much as possible the form and circumstance of authenticity, we are informed that this Mr. Melville "was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of——, No.—— in Hanover Square, and banker, No.—— Lombard Street." This precision, however, as to name, and the delight attached to it by the boarding-school cousins, and his acquaintance in the schools, is unfortunately quite sufficient of itself to prove the whole of this important document a fabrication, tossed up, with the very meanest of motives, to seize upon the weak and evil feelings of the times. There surely never was a banker of the name of St. Clare in the good sober city of London!

But to proceed with our "true story;" Melville St. Clare having fallen in love with a young lady, of the name of Emily Smith, and gained her father's permission to pay his addresses to her, the marriage is only deferred till our hero shall have passed the College of Surgeons, which he expects to do in six months; when an unfortunate accident, which should act as a wholesome warning to young students not to be over-industrious in their pursuits, occurs. Our readers cannot but be struck with the "exquisite" delicacy of the following details:

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the hospital one morning; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart:—"a lady or a jemman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, sir."

"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things [ten years ago!] so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared;—the next, still he came not,—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I, and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, sir, to get the woman out of the way; because, you know, these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up stairs?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal:" when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow, containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making

any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

"It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting part of the profession in private. Within my bed-room was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden, and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other."

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried, sir, that's none to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest for ever! One thing struck me as singular;—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey. \* \* \*

"To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."  
Her eyes were closed beneath the long



lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but 'soul was wanting there.' So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive—— But to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face?—where was I?—what light was glimmering through the windows?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fell asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and *my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved.* I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch."

Melville himself is next introduced to this beauteous corpse, and the scene which ensues is the ne-plus-ultra of horrors:—

"One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen was to be remembered for ever.*

"With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand *still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.* Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression. All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; *the locks were, therefore cut off from the head.* Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance, were these—'It must be so, it must be so.' For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

"The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

"Not the slightest marks of violence

could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent, with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by *the packing of the body.* All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

"She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave."

Some years now elapse; Melville is dead, our narrator married, and thriving in business. He is one day called in to the hospital to attend a dying man, from whom, after much ranting, the following confession is elicited:—

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday,) since I was discharged from four months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a *jolly life they led*, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the *rhino* quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't *split*, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (*I trembles now to think of it*), that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the *greenhorns*, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in — Alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it.* So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in — Street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other, 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had learnt to read, and

breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I tell ye what, my boys,' says he, 'here's a *fish come to our net* without looking for it, so we'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. *She entered by a back yard*, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonely-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, *she was locked up for the night.* Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go: they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse.* That very night came an order, and they swore I should have *the killing of her*, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said, if I didn't, they would send me instead, and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a *sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath*, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp, in order to *look at her through a hole*, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em *easy*, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room, nor any other door, she knelt by the bed-side, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying, too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it!—hark! starting up, 'don't you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!' and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

"The next day he was again lucid, and *pulling from his bosom an old purse*, he said, 'I managed to get these things without their knowledge.' It contained a ring, with a locket, engraven 'E. S.' and the silver plate of a dog's collar, with the name



of 'Emily' on it; 'that,' he remarked, 'came from a little spaniel which we sold.'

"I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when, flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever."

So ends this "exquisitely" moral story, which, we fear, we have already suffered to obtrude too far upon our columns, leaving but little space for remark. Comment, however, it fortunately needs none; the most prominently disgusting features in its details cannot fail of striking all our readers, who will turn from it, as we do, with contempt.

It is possible, by the by, that this elegant production may have been written with no improper motives; nay, it is not impossible that Mr. Bulwer may really have been induced to insert it through an over-zealousness, excusable in so young a man. If this latter supposition be correct, we may expect, perhaps, from his hands, at the next meeting of parliament, the introduction of "a Bill to Reform a System," &c. which he will, no doubt, most ably support, by citing, at full length, the above "true story," from *The New Monthly Magazine*.

While on this subject, we feel bound to notice a somewhat similar story in the pages of our northern friend, *The Chameleon*. In this latter, however, the writer is content with introducing his hero to the dead body of his lover, but omits the more revolting particulars of her murder.

#### THE ENGLISH SHYLOCK.

*The Usurer's Daughter.* By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. — 3 vols.

HAVING last week expressed a hasty opinion in favour of this novel, we feel ourselves called upon to give it a more attentive consideration; not that we wish to unsay what little we have said, but that we may confirm it by a few specimens of the author's talents.

We have already stated that the character of Erpingham, the usurer, is admirably drawn; and, in truth, we could hardly name another in the whole range of modern novel writing more subtly finished. After a slight sketch of the famous "No Popery Riots," he is thus introduced to us:—

"In one of the narrowest and darkest

of those streets which lie between St. Paul's Churchyard and the river, there dwelt a citizen of no mean repute,—a man on whom all lovers of wealth looked enviously, and on whom all lovers of moral worth looked contemptuously. No one, who might accidentally see or speak to him, could ever imagine him to be an object of either envy or contempt, or of any unpleasant sentiment whatever. In his person and dress, he was neat and unpretending; he carried himself as a gentleman, and was in his demeanour exceedingly mild and courteous. He was somewhat past the middle of life, and his countenance bore no aspect of wrinkled care; his forehead was smooth, his cheeks were firm, and his whole appearance was that of a man of easy mind moving quietly through the world, without enemies and without enmity. He was a widower having an only child, a daughter, of whom the world saw little, and the neighbours knew nothing, save that she was a beautiful woman;—a woman so beautiful and so decidedly majestic, that the humblest and least accurate of her neighbours knew better than to apply to her style of beauty the common-place epithet of pretty. The lady worshipped every Sunday and Saint's day in St. Paul's Cathedral; but where the father worshipped no mortal eye ever saw. The most nervously Protestant of his neighbours supposed that he was a Roman Catholic in his heart, a jesuit in disguise; for he had been visited by distinguished foreigners, who of course must be Roman Catholics, and whose visits could of course have no other object, than to overturn the Protestant religion and establishment in England."

Erpingham has just received a warning letter from a mysterious hand; the following scene with his daughter then occurs:—

"I have this moment," said he to his daughter, "received a letter which I have been expecting for the last three days.—The rioters will be here to-night."

"A little money judiciously distributed will disarm their vengeance.—You know the writer and his object."

"I do," replied he, "and when the tumult is over I can have my revenge at leisure.—Light me to the safe."

"He descended to a gloomy cellar, in which he opened with a little key that seemed to grow to his fingers, an iron safe, containing the books of Mr. Erpingham, books more valuable to him than many libraries, and the burning of which would have been to him a subject of more sincere regret than was the burning of Alexandria to many lamenting philosophers."

"Here did he deposit with much care the letter which he had just received, and then addressing himself to his daughter, he said, 'Margaret, my dear, you are an excellent manager, and you never lose your

presence of mind. I think, if you are not afraid of being left alone, I shall confide the house to your care. People do not seem to hate you; but they almost curse me as I walk along the streets:—but I am an unoffending man. Margaret, I have seen curses in the looks, I have heard curses in the whisperings of those I have never injured. When they calumniate me I bow to them, when they scowl reproaches upon me I smile upon them. Why should the world hate me? There is not a man in the City more prompt to meet his engagements. I never spoke offensively to man, woman, or child.'—Then pointing to the iron door by which they were standing, and tapping on the sounding pannel with the smooth worn key that he held in his hand, and which had never been out of his personal possession since it was made, he continued:—"Did I ever injure the man who wrote that letter?"

"You sent him to prison, father," answered the young lady.

"The law did imprison him, my child, the law. Let us not speak or think disrespectfully of our glorious constitution. What is done by the law is done wisely. Law, my dear Margaret, is the wisdom of our ancestors.—No, no, I never injured the man, and never will—never."

"But why, sir, do you preserve that letter with so much care? What will you do with it?"

"Whatever the law directs.—Nothing more—nothing less—I cherish no resentments—I will not reproach him."

"You will hang him, sir."

"The law may do so.—But come: we shall have these troublesome people here; and it is not in my nature to speak harshly to them. They cannot burn this safe; and this is the only key in the world that can open it.—You will speak to the people, Margaret, and give them a little money,—a little will do—and some beer—table-beer—or, if you think best mix it, but do not give them the strong beer by itself, they are not used to such drink, it will hurt them.—You are not afraid of being left alone?—Because if you are—"

"Not at all, sir, not at all,—but my dear father," said the young lady very earnestly, "if you would be less rigid—"

"Mr. Erpingham took his daughter's hand and interrupting her, said, 'less rigid, my child!—You do not know me, you do not understand me—no man can be less rigid than I am. Did you ever know me demand a payment one moment before it was due? Did you ever know me take one farthing of interest beyond what the law did give me? Did you ever know me insult a debtor?—'"

"Most certainly not," answered his daughter, "but you have shown no forbearance."

"The law shows none."



Margaret is a beautiful and engaging young woman, and may naturally be supposed to be persecuted by the addresses of impertinent gallants. On somewhat such an errand is Captain Dacre, who comes to Erpingham under pretence of raising a loan:—

“As soon as he had introduced himself by name, a name not very acceptable or agreeable to money lenders, he grasped a chair, and by a kind of aristocratic instinct, reversing the order of propriety, desired Mr. Erpingham to be seated.

“You have a very pleasant situation here, Mr. Erpingham, quite retired and quiet.”—The pleasantness of the situation was great indeed to Mr. Erpingham, for he was surrounded by books and strong boxes and title deeds, the beauty of which was not visible to strangers, and as to scenery, why in truth the opposite house was scarcely visible, and that not on account of its distance, for it was not nine yards off, but because the windows of the usurer’s counting-house were half covered with strong dark canvas blinds, and all covered with dust and dirt and cobwebs. Looking to where the miserable mockery of city light crept into the extortioner’s dungeon, the captain perceived the absurdity of his extempore compliment, and forthwith began to qualify it and back out of it. “Not exactly *rus in urbe*, but rather *urbs in urbe*, so remarkably retired, and still amidst all the bustle of life.—Ah, Mr. Erpingham, we live in a strange world!”

“We do indeed,” replied Mr. Erpingham, most politely bowing and most courteously smiling, as if thanking the captain for his information, wondering, however, at the same time, what he could be driving at.

“You rather wonder at a visit from me, I dare say, Mr. Erpingham, but the truth is, that I must have some money.”

“Ah! captain,” said the usurer, “money is just at this time most uncommonly scarce. I am almost afraid that I cannot accommodate you—that is, not on the terms that a man of your keen and cautious habits would think advantageous.”

“My keen and cautious habits!” replied the captain, laughing; “that’s very good, very good. Keen I may be in some things; perhaps I can see as far through a millstone as most folks, but as for cautious!—not much of that, no, no, not much of that. But the reputation, Mr. Erpingham, of your liberality in money matters, and of your conscientious integrity, and your uprightness in these affairs, have induced me—a hem—the poor man was almost choked in spite of his impudence, and he might have anticipated a kick, but Mr. Erpingham smiled and bowed as the captain hesitated, and at length continued, ‘have induced me, I say, to apply to you in preference to applying to any of those

rascally extortioners, who take advantage of the distresses of their fellow-creatures, and make them pay two hundred per cent for a little accommodation.’

“Ah, captain,” replied the usurer, who would not understand the banter, ‘you are very good, very good. Yes—I never transgress the laws, never—but people will be censorious. Let them; I heed it not.—You wanted, perhaps, to borrow such a thing as fifty pounds?’

“Fifty, my good fellow, say rather five hundred, and to give you capital security and good interest.”

“Legal interest,” replied the usurer, ‘I never take more—but generally expect a little premium—’

“Oh, ay, yes, of course.”

“But what security, captain?”

“Deeds, deeds.”

“Good deeds?” asked the usurer.

“Good deeds! Ha, ha—you are inclined to be facetious to talk about my good deeds;” replied the captain.

“The captain knew very well that he had no security to give, and Mr. Erpingham suspected as much, and therefore was aware that this was mere talk, consequently he regarded the call of Captain Dacre either in the light of a mere idle frolic, or as having some ulterior object. But such was the gravity and courtesy of the usurer, that he would have listened quite as politely, and have spoken quite as much after the fashion of a man of business to the merest adventurer, as he would to a man of most substantial property or well-founded expectations; and so his manner almost deceived Captain Dacre, and led him to think that he could not only by this visit procure an interview with Miss Erpingham, but also purchase another lodging in the King’s Bench with Mr. Erpingham’s money. He therefore proceeded;—‘You think, then, that you can let me have five hundred pounds, if I deposit some good deeds in your hands?’

“It must depend upon the deeds, Captain Dacre, and the premium, in these cases we expect a little premium. Otherwise the business is not worth doing. Positively, Captain Dacre, every thing now is in such a state, that the sooner a man gets out of business the better. There is scarcely any thing doing, and there is very little got by what is done.”

“Very true, Mr. Erpingham, very true, I dare say. Pray what time do you dine?”

“I have dined,” replied Mr. Erpingham, ‘my usual hour of dinner is two o’clock.’

“Ah, very good,” answered the captain, ‘and with your leave I will take my mutton chop with you to-morrow precisely at two. I like early dinners, they are conclusive to health and temperance. And then you will be ready with your five hun-

dred pounds, and I will bring the deeds with me; good deeds, all proper, worth ten times the money; but you must not be hard upon me, in the matter of premium. Well—good morning—for the present—to-morrow, at two o’clock, precisely.—Merely a mutton chop—you will make no stranger of me.’

“So saying, Captain Dacre departed, not waiting for an answer; and, when he was gone, Mr. Erpingham soliloquized. ‘This Captain Dacre is a strange man. What can he mean. What deeds can he mean? What deeds can he have to deposit as security for five hundred pounds? He was never worth so much in his life, and never will be, I guess;—if he had five hundred pounds in his pocket now, he could not keep it there; he would spend half of it before he got to Temple Bar. A man just out of the King’s Bench—come to borrow five hundred pounds! Talk about deeds—nonsense. He merely wants to get a dinner. He shall not defraud me of a dinner; I defraud no man. I pay for all my dinners, and why should not the rest of the world do the same? If indeed he were a customer, and were likely to give me a large premium, I might then be induced to give him a dinner, if I could not have his custom without it. But then why should I?—Why should I give any thing away, except to save or to gain by giving. Society is kept together by buying and selling, not by giving. No, no, I will not give him a dinner; I have already given away a great deal too much to the rioters, much beer and money, and beer is as good as money, for when beer is gone, it requires money to buy more. When a man once begins giving, it is impossible to say where he shall stop. Giving interferes with justice, and is no part of the law. This Captain Dacre is a profligate man, he has no property; I may give him a dinner and gain nothing by it, and he may then laugh at me, and to be laughed at when a loser, is bitter. The world, and all that is therein, man, woman, and child, may laugh at me, frown at me, scowl at me, swear at me, curse me in all languages, provided I lose not. I would not buy off their curses, or pay for their blessings, at the expense of one shilling; their blessings will not do me good to the amount of a shilling, nor will their curses do me harm to the amount of a shilling. Their curses do not dissolve bonds or invalidate claims, or throw down prison walls or melt iron fetters. If I gain a shilling, and am cursed by the people, I am a gainer;—only I would rather not be cursed—that is all. It is an annoyance, but the annoyance does not reach my pocket, or penetrate my strong box. This man shall not have a dinner at my expense.’

“After much meditation of this kind, the usurer sought for his daughter, the only



being in the world for whom he cared anything, and for her he cared so little, that it was doubtful whether he would lend her ten pounds without interest and a little premium. The neighbours have said that Margaret Erpingham did once borrow such a sum of her father, and that, when the time came round for paying her quarterly allowance, the interest of the borrowed sum was deducted, her father observing at the time—'Right's right.'—Still the usurer had a regard for his daughter; he found her useful in keeping his house, and he was proud of her; for though he could not comprehend the moral and intellectual beauties of her mind, yet he knew that she was highly esteemed by those who had the honour of her acquaintance, and as she had the reputation of inheriting much wealth, there were many suitors for her hand, and her father hoped to see her decorated with a title. This was the sum and substance of his love for her."

One more scene, and we have done; it exhibits Erpingham in a new and blacker light. Margaret, having neglected her father's persuasions, and refused the hand of the foolish old Lord Singleton, is disinherited, and, together with Worthington, the husband of her choice, pursued with implacable vengeance by Erpingham.—The wily usurer has taken advantage of Worthington's misfortunes to advance a sum of money upon his bond, for the repayment of which he is now having recourse to the law; when Margaret resolves to visit her father, and sue for mercy:—

"Early, therefore, the next morning, Margaret went to the house of her father; and the servants shed tears when they saw her, for they knew that she was deserted. Her father refused not to see her, but bowed to her very politely and handed her a chair, and desired her to be seated. Now, though she had much presence of mind, and a great deal of self-possession, and though she knew what must be the result of her visit, yet she could not immediately speak, for there was an emotion not to be subdued easily, at the thought of the inhumanity and heartlessness of him to whom she was come as a suppliant. Moreover, it suited not the complexion of her spirit to kneel and sue in an agony of tears and a convulsion of hysteric passion. Calmness she inherited from her father; but the calmness which in him was a vice, in her was a virtue; for he bore with calmness the sufferings of others, but she her own sufferings. For awhile, therefore, she sat silently, and her father was the first to speak. 'You have come to me on a matter of business, I presume. Will you be kind enough to state it?'

"'The business on which I come,' replied Margaret, 'I suppose you may easily conjecture, the bond which my husband gave you—'

"'Sold to me, more properly speaking, Margaret, sold to me. He had an equivalent for it.'

"'Had he indeed an equivalent for it?'

"'Ask him.'

"'He told me what he had, and no doubt he told me truly; but, to my mind, that was not an equivalent.'

"'Pardon me, Margaret, pardon me,' replied the usurer, 'but there we differ. In my mind it was an equivalent; and in the mind of your husband it was an equivalent. Harry Worthington was always remarked for being an acute and intelligent youth. He would never give for any thing more than it was worth. Look ye—on this table, and on this spot, where you see my finger points, lay Harry Worthington's bond for one hundred pounds, and here,' pointing with his other hand to another part of the table, 'here lay seventy-five pounds; and there stood Harry Worthington—and I said to him, take your choice—and he took the seventy-five pounds, every farthing of it without abatement.'

"'All that, sir, may be very true,' replied Margaret, 'but still I must say that you took advantage of his necessities—'

"Mr. Erpingham smiled, and replied, 'to be sure I did, Margaret, to be sure I did; what is the use of advantages if we do not take them. Go about the City, and look into the shops and counting-houses, and go into the markets, and what do you see there?—Do you not see that all are taking advantages?—They could not live without. At all events, they could not thrive and get rich without. The simple people who walk about the streets begging, or who abide in miserable homes starving, have not taken advantages.' \* \* \*

"'No, Margaret, perhaps he may not redeem the bond; and then you know, that the interest will accumulate and the furniture will be worse for wear, and may not fetch so much, when sold by auction, and so I may be a loser.—Besides, the process is commenced, and I would not rudely obstruct the operation of the law.'

"'Can nothing move you, sir, to have a little compassion on your own child?'

"'What shall I get by it, Margaret?' said the usurer.

"'You will have my thanks—'

"'Margaret,' replied the usurer, 'you were once very fond of buying thanks with your pocket-money—where are those thanks now? What is their worth?'

"'They are in my heart, sir, they are worth much, they console me in my present adversity.'

"'Let them. You may go now. Your business is done. You ask me to stay the process of the law. I never did so yet, and never will.—This is not your home, you have left it, and renounced it. You have despised my wealth which I had hoarded up for you, and now you may de-

part. Go—you were foolish to make the choice; but having made it you must adhere to it. You had it once in your power to be a peeress—you would not. Your husband had his bond once in his power, but he took my money, and left his bond, and now he repents.'

"Margaret had heard and seen much of her father's insensibility and heartlessness, but perhaps never so much as this. It came upon her with such an oppressiveness, that there was no possibility of her expressing her feelings. She was morally stunned and stupified, and she sat for some minutes in a wild silence, scarce one remove from madness; but presently her father roused her from her abstraction, tapping her gently on the shoulder, and saying, in his usual mild tone of voice, 'Mrs. Worthington, this is not your home, and the chair on which you are sitting is not your property. I must desire you to leave it, and depart.'

"Margaret rose; but the shock of her father's brutality was too strong for her, and she could with difficulty keep herself from falling. He led her to the door, and a stranger might have supposed, from the appearance of the parties, that Mr. Erpingham was affording the kind support of his arm to an invalid, for he moved very gently and considerately, and he looked anxiously at her; but when he had conducted her to the threshold, and had ascertained that she could walk some few steps without his assistance, he gently closed the door behind her, and left her to find her way to that home, which was presently to be dismantled of its goods."

The death-bed of this wretched man, in the second volume, is an appalling narrative; but we have not room for it at present.

Some of the other characters are well thrown in, though not very striking, nor very original. The story is wild, erratic, and too often of a common-place description; the interest, in our mind, ending with the death of the miser.

#### CHRISTMAS COMICALITIES.

*The Comic Annual for 1832.* By Thomas Hood, Esq. Tilt.

BEFORE proceeding to further extracts from this funny little book, it may not be misplaced to take a survey of some of the best of its punning cuts, which are sometimes the most cutting of puns. We must observe, however, that as a whole, they are of very unequal merit, and we wonder much, indeed, to see some of them admitted at any price into Mr. Hood's dear little book. Of these we may mention the frontispiece, "From Grave to Gay," the title-page vignette, "A Race to be first Fiddle," "Fancy Portrait: the Lord Mayor," "Where's your Hawker's Li-



cense," "An Inn-Guest," "Little and Bigamy," "A Dutch Coddling," &c. &c. Among those that please us are:—"Rode's Variations," a finger-post, in grotesque human form, pointing two ways, his open mouth denoting a third; "Descend ye nine," a cat-o'-nine tails, most unrelentingly and scientifically administered, while a little hop-o'-my-thumb of a midshipman superintends the operation;—"A-lad-in, or the Wonderful Lamp," a little urchin, sticking heels uppermost in the ring of a lamp-post, having been tossed there by a wild bull. The little horse and cart neglected on the pavement, and the affrighted mother behind the shop-window, are admirable accessories. "Ignis Fatuus,"—the dripping-pan boiling over, and scalding several fat little puppies, is not bad;—and there is some dry fun in "Good night!—All's well!" "Dicky Birds" is most impertinently amusing,—some game hanging from the dicky of a coach, with a host of dogs in full cry. Our next favourite is a sailor "in embarrassed circumstances,"—his legs being crushed by a boa-constrictor, while an eagle is making a tit-bit of his eyes, and a tiger staring at him most ferociously. The "Rear-Admiral" is absurdly laughable,—a little wooden-legged Jack tar, actually resting on the tail of a spirited quadruped, whose body is perpendicularly erect in the air. "The Branch Coach" is by no means bad; but "Drawing Lots" is decidedly the gem of the book;—a four-wheeled "fly," laden with three fat ladies, a fat gentleman, a little child, and a little dog;—with a perriwigged coachman, and his little master driving, on the box, and a wretched little "dragon," suspending himself from the rear,—all drawn up-hill by a miserable worn-out hack, whose constrained posture, and nose touching the ground, bear ample testimony to the solid worth of his patrons. The cuts, in all, amount to between seventy or eighty, and are engraved in Mr. Hood's characteristically uncouth style;—we must now turn to the *literary* department, or LITERARY FUN(d), as it is called on the cover.

Our first extract will be the introductory remarks to the

BAILEY BALLADS,

which gives us an amusing picture of an Old-Bailey juror:—

"To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or W. F. N.—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of songs, composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a jurymen in waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the council of twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th

hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea captain, with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace, on the same hanging errand—a personified halter. Our legal drill corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster roll, without butter, was called over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be nonjurors,—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the court. One weakly gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting 'Jonathan Wild,' 'Vidocq,' 'Hardy Vaux,' and 'Lazarillo de Tormes.' But the number of deaf men, who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The publishers of 'Curtis on the Ear,' and 'Wright on the Ear,'—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of pugilism,) ought to have stentorian agents in that court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common jury. I heard, on the right hand, a judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in a sinister verdict. The learned serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, discharged me, committing me to the relay-box, as a juror in waiting,—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

"It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a series of lays of larceny, combining sin and sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following (which we of *The Guardian* are sorry not to be able to follow in our columns,) are merely specimens, but a hint from the powers that be,—in the Strand,—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful preface to the learned serjeant."

Our poetical extracts must be confined to—

"HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

"A PASTORAL, AFTER POPE.

"Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—

While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,  
For all that tend on sheep as drovers  
Are turn'd to songsters, or to lovers,  
Each of the lass he call'd his dear  
Began to carol loud and clear.  
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,  
In the way of ancient shepherd men;  
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,  
'All things by turns, and nothing long.'

"HUGGINS.

"Of all the girls about our place,  
There's one beats all in form and face:  
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,  
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

"DUGGINS.

"To groves and streams I tell my flame,—  
I make the cliffs repeat her name;  
When I'm inspir'd by gills and noggins,  
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

"HUGGINS.

"When I am walking in the grove,  
I think of Peggy as I rove;  
I'd carve her name on every tree,  
But I don't know my A. B. C.

"DUGGINS.

"Whether I walk in hill or valley,  
I think of nothing else but Sally;  
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing  
No song, except 'God save the King.'

"HUGGINS.

"My Peggy does all nymphs excel,  
And all confess she bears the bell;  
Where'er she goes swains flock together,  
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

"DUGGINS.

"Sally is tall, and not too straight—  
Those very poplar shapes I hate;  
But something twisted like an S,—  
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

"HUGGINS.

"When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,  
I often wish my lot was hisn;  
How often I should stand and turn,  
To get a pat from hands like hern.

"DUGGINS.

"I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,  
To stand about and stare at she;  
But when I look, she turns and shies,  
And won't bear none but their sheeps'-eyes.

"HUGGINS.

"Love goes with Peggy where she goes—  
Beneath her smile the garden grows;  
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,—  
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts.

"DUGGINS.

"Where Sally goes it's always spring,  
Her presence brightens every thing;  
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,  
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

"HUGGINS.

"For Peggy I can have no joy;  
She's sometimes kind and sometimes coy,  
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,  
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.



"DUGGINS.

"Sally is ripe as June or May,  
And yet as cold as Christmas Day;  
For when she's asked to change her lot,—  
Lamb's wool—but Sally she wool not.

"HUGGINS.

"Only with Peggy and with health,  
I'd never wish for state or wealth;  
Talking of having health and more pence,  
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

"DUGGINS.

"Oh, how that day would seem to shine,  
If Sally's bans were read with mine!  
She cries, when such a wish I carry,  
'Marry come up!' but will not marry."

We cannot omit the following pathetic specimens of the Miseries of a Pedagogue *malgré lui*, which we find under the head of—

"THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."

This schoolmaster, having urgent occasion to go from home, entreats our hero to superintend, during his absence, the studies of his nine hopeful scholars:—

"At last I gave way to his importunity. On Thursday night, he started from the tree of knowledge by a branch coach; and at nine on Friday morning, I found myself sitting at his desk, in the novel character of pedagogue. I am sorry to say, not one of the boys played truant, or was confined at home with a violent illness. There they were, nine little mischievous wretches, goggling, tittering, pointing, winking, grimacing, and mocking at authority, in a way enough to invoke two Elisha bears out of Southgate Wood. To put a stop to this indecorum, I put on my spectacles, stuck my cane upright in the desk, with the fool's cap atop—but they inspired little terror; worn out at last, I seized the cane, and rushing from my dais, well flogged—I believe it is called flogging—the boy, a Creole, nearest me; who, though far from the biggest, was much more daring and impertinent than the rest. So far my random selection was judicious; but it appeared afterwards, that I had chastised an only son, whose mother had expressly stipulated for him an exemption from all punishment. I suspect with the moral prudence of fond mothers, she had informed the little imp of the circumstance, for this Indian-Pickle fought and kicked his preceptor as unceremoniously as he would have scuffled with Black Diana or Agamemnon. My first move, however, had a salutary effect; the urchins settled, or made believe to settle, to their tasks; but I soon perceived that the genuine industry and application belonged only to one, a clever-looking boy, who, with pen and paper before him, was sitting at the further end of a long desk, as great a contrast to the others, as the Good to the Bad Apprentice in Hogarth. I could see his tongue even at work at one corner of his mouth,—a very common sign of boyish

assiduity,—and his eyes never left his task but occasionally to glance towards his master, as if in anticipation of the approving smile, to which he looked forward as the prize of industry. I had already selected him inwardly for a favourite, and resolved to devote my best abilities to his instruction, when I saw him hand the paper, with a sly glance, to his neighbour, from whom it passed rapidly down the desk, accompanied by a running titter, and side-long looks, that convinced me the supposed copy was, indeed, a copy—not of 'Obey your superiors,' or 'Age commands respect'—but of the head of the college, and, as a glimpse showed, a head with very ludicrous features. Being somewhat fatigued with my last execution, I suffered the cane of justice to sleep, and inflicted the fool's cap—literally the fool's—for no clown in pantomime, the great Grimaldi not excepted, could have made a more laughter-stirring use of the costume. The little enormities, who only tittered before, now shouted outright, and nothing but the enchanted wand of bamboo could flap them into solemnity. Order was restored, for they saw I was, like Earl Grey, resolved to 'stand by my order;' and while I was deliberating, in some perplexity, how to begin business, the two biggest boys came forward voluntarily, and standing as much as they could in a circle, presented themselves, and began to read as the first Greek class. Mr. Irving may boast of his prophets as much as he will; but in proportion to the numbers of our congregations, I had far more reason to be proud of my gabblers in an unknown tongue. I, of course, discovered no lapsis lingui in the performance, and after a due course of gibberish, the first class dismissed itself, with a brace of bows, and an evident degree of self-satisfaction at being so perfect in the present, after being so imperfect in the past. I own this first act of our solemn farce made me rather nervous against the next, which proved to be the Latin class, and I have no doubt to an adept would have seemed as much a Latin comedy as those performed at the Westminster School. We got through the second course quite correct, as before, and I found, with some satisfaction, that the third was a dish of English Syntax, where I was able to detect flaws, and the heaps of errors that I had to arrest made me thoroughly sensible of the bliss of ignorance in the Greek and Latin. A general lesson in English reading ensued, through which we glided smoothly enough till we came to a sand-bank in the shape of a Latin quotation, which I was requested to English. It was something like this—'nemo mortalium omnibus hora sapit,' which I rendered, 'no mortal knows at what hour the omnibus starts'—and with this translation the whole school was perfectly satisfied. Nine more bows.

"My horror now approached; I saw the little wretches lug out their slates, and begin to cuff out the old sums, a sight that made me wish all the slates at the roof of the house. I knew very well that when the army of nine attacked my Bonny-castle, it would not long hold out. Unluckily, from inexperience, I gave them all the same question to work, and the consequence was, each brought up a different result—nor would my practical knowledge of Practice allow me to judge of their merits. I had no resource but, Lavater like, to go by physiognomy, and accordingly selected the solution of the most mathematical-looking boy. But Lavater betrayed me. Master White, a chowder-headed lout of a lad, as dull as a pig of lead, and as mulishly obstinate as Muley Abdallah, persisted that his answer was correct, and at last appealed to the superior authority of a Tutor's Key, that he had kept by stealth in his desk. From this instant my importance declined, and the urchins evidently began to question, with some justice, what right I had to rule nine, who was not competent to the Rule of Three."

We now reluctantly turn from these delightful pages, leaving them to the patronage they so richly deserve.

1. *Le Petit Secrétaire Parisien; or, Reading Easy and Familiar English Letters into French at Sight.* By M. Louis Fenwick de Porquet. Fourth Edition. Published by the Author.
2. *Le Trésor de l'Ecolier Français; or, the Art of Translating English into French at Sight.* By the Same.

M. PORQUET'S system appears to be a good one;—the letters and reading lessons being written in plain English, are carefully arranged in easy gradations; and, by means of notes and vocabularies attached, the student is expected, with a very little previous study, to read the French off fluently from the English text. Any plan that may tend to facilitate the first steps to foreign tongue is entitled to the thanks of the community at large, and cannot fail of meeting due reward.

*Of Pestilential Cholera—its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment.* By James Copland, M.D. Longman and Co.

CHOLERA has been already pretty well discussed; yet we do not know that a more valuable little book than the present has been offered upon the subject. Dr. Copland does not arrogate to himself the privilege of dictating law, on the plea of actual Indian practice; but, having maturely considered, with the eye of a physician, all that has been written and said upon this disease, from its first irruption in Bengal to the present time, he is enabled to offer a book of a sensible and



highly-useful character. It is divided into four sections, which, with their several subdivisions, are treated with equal industry and fairness. 1. *Description of Pestilential Cholera*, with its history, symptoms, &c. 2. *Causes and Nature of the Disorder*, evidence examined as to its infectious character, &c. 3. *Of Prevention*; quarantine considered; precautions in families, &c. 4. *The Curative Treatment of the Pestilential Cholera*, discussed in a clear and popular manner. To the above is added an appendix, comprising a List of works previously published, the Board of Health's "Sanitary Hints," &c.

### Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

#### ENIGMA.

HELL holds t'hear, yet precious 'tis in  
Heav'n;  
Light ne'er beheld it, nor to night is't given.  
In water, fire, and earth, its force is found,  
Yet 'twill not live in air, nor in the ground;  
And though each being breathes in it alone,  
Yet both to soul and body 'tis unknown.  
In immortality it hath no part,  
Nor yet is mortal, though within the heart—  
The human heart enshrin'd, it loves to dwell,  
Aye, and is found in every silent cell.  
Without it, what were health, or wealth, or  
fame?  
Yet in the world it hath nor part nor name.  
*Chamelion.*

#### MY FIRST DUEL.

"HABIT, and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces, could wing a mosquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that Dame Fortune, in her most wayward humour, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818, it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States' corvette *Ontario*, and the British frigate *Hyperion*, were lying in the Bay of Calloa de Lima, to so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen,

that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noon-tide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a café, in one of the Brazilian outports, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the café, I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking *Minheiros*, who were drinking and listening to a love lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment, by a mulatto youth, and a party of four American officers, who were going home, invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of *Salvator* so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled, in that drawling, nasal tone, that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the *Don Quixote*, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent, this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience, will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

"I therefore took my seat, lighted a cigar, and attentively listened to the beautiful *modinha* sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom; when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been levelled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honorable alternative. 'When a man openly insults you,' says my Lord *Chesterfield*, 'knock him down.' If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *à la lettre*, I did something which,

among *honorable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day.—'Gentlemen,' said I, 'willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws against duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of.'

"A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangaree, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politeness of manner:—'I cannot conceal from myself,' were his words, 'that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will myself most willingly do you that office; for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate, as that of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honorable quarrel.'

"The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him, better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendour of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of Nature had never looked so beautiful—not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin-bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the Palace Square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church of St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trousers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-



brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never forget: it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast—a stern intrepidity! and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome me, and fixed his large black eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very beau ideal of a duelist.

"We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in the negative, 'I supposed as much,' he continued. 'At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implicitly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this cigar,' he added, handing me one from his case: 'it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood.'

"We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their cigars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. 'You will, of course,' observed my adversary's friend, have no objection to sixteen paces.'—'As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance,' rejoined my second; 'say, therefore, twelve paces instead of sixteen, and the firing down.'—'Twelve paces,' I repeated to myself; 'can he be playing me false?' But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

"The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. 'Now, then,' he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, 'be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!' The appointed signal was given; both fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled, and

fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. 'Remain where you are, sir,' said he; 'he may yet stand another shot.' This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said, with a look of reproach to my companion—'B——n, this is all your doing.' We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, 'You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by chance fire over you, that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol—the result,' he added, with a smile, 'has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too, he added, 'allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might' (this was said very coolly,) 'have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay.'

"On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver in fact—my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well."—*Monthly Magazine*.

#### ADULTERATION OF TEA.

(From *The Domestic Chymist*.)

ACCORDING to various authors who have written on the subject, the adulterations of tea are as follows:—Old tea-leaves are bought up at coffee houses, and, after being dried, dyed, and curled up, are sold again as pure tea. The leaves of the white-thorn are boiled, dyed, dried, curled up, and sold for green tea; the leaves of the sloe-tree are manufactured by a similar process into black tea. The substance employed to colour false tea black is logwood; that which is employed to colour tea green is carbonate of copper. Taking it for granted that the above statement is true, although this has been vehemently denied, I shall proceed to show in what manner the different cheats may be detected.

*Form of the Leaf*.—The leaves of tea may be discriminated from the leaves of other plants by the following characters:—The tea-leaf is slender and narrow, acutely pointed at the end, and deeply jagged at the edges; the texture of the leaf is delicate, its colour a lively pale green, and its

surface smooth and glassy. To put the leaves in a good state to be examined, it is proper to macerate them some hours in water, and then to spread them out on a table to their full extent. The leaf of the sloe is much broader in proportion to its length than the leaf of tea; it has a rounder form; its point is obtuse, and not acute, like that of tea; and the jags on the edge are far smaller. The surface of the leaf is more uneven, the texture less delicate, and the colour a dark olive green.

*Detection of Logwood*.—1. Moisten the suspected black tea, and rub it on white paper. If it produces a blueish-black stain, it has been dyed with logwood.—2. Macerate the tea in cold water. If it produces a blackish tincture, which turns red on the addition of a few drops of sulphuric acid, it has been dyed with logwood. If the tincture produced by macerating the tea in water is of an amber colour, and does not become red when tested with sulphuric acid, the tea is pure. Solutions of logwood have the property of being reddened by acids.

*Detection of Carbonate of Copper*.—Agitate a small quantity of the suspected green tea with a little diluted liquid ammonia, (sal-volatile,) in a small phial or glass tube. If copper is present, the liquid will become of a beautiful blue colour.

#### MILTON.

*Copyright of Paradise Lost*.—"He sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold: again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised, plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied, in order to circulate the edition in 1667, 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others: and, from variations in the text, it would appear that single pages were cancelled and reprinted. The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment; for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo; and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live to receive the payment stipulated for this impression. The third edition was published in 1678, and his widow



agreed with Simmons, the printer, to receive eight pounds as her right, and gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookseller, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half of it, August 17, 1683; and the other half, March 24, 1690, at a price considerably advanced." *Ald. Poets.*

## Music.

### ITALIAN OPERA.

THE Opera season is drawing on apace, and the musical and fashionable world begin to look forward with no small degree of curiosity to the reform-measures of the new dynasty. Our spirited *Impresario* returned to town last week, after a continental tour, which, though limited as to time, was yet extensive enough to include Naples, Milan, and the principal towns of Germany, in its route. We understand that, notwithstanding the kind prognosticating fears of certain friends, an almost unprecedentedly numerous and efficient company has been engaged, both for the opera and ballet; while the preparatory arrangements at home, which are now beginning to assume something like a tangible form, give us sanguine hopes of eventual success.

Pasta is not engaged, neither is Sontag. The former says she will not sing after the Carnival; the latter has, we fear, finally retired from the stage. Some of the papers, by the bye, stated that the sum offered her was £2,000. This is not correct, as we understand a *carte blanche*, as to terms, accompanied Mr. Monck Mason's proposal; which, however, was declined in a manner equally creditable to both parties. To say the truth, we hardly regret our disappointment of these two great "fixed stars," as it will, we doubt not, be the means of introducing us to other talents equally great in their way, which the indolence or ignorance of former managers had not properly appreciated. We understand that not less than thirty principal artistes will be new to our stage. Amongst the female engagements we may mention the name of Rosa Mariani, *vero contralto*, the first of the kind, we believe, ever known here. If we are to credit report, this lady, on a former occasion of negotiation with this country, had the modesty to demand for three months' service the sum of 60,000 livres, besides her travelling expenses to England and back, board and lodging, with carriage and horses while here, and, to crown all—"a benefit" into the bargain! What she is to have now we do not pretend to say. Next to her, come Adelaide Tosi, from Madrid, &c. the first declamatory singer of the day, and now, in point of fact, the Prima Donna of Europe; Giudetta Grisi,

late Prima Donna at the Scala of Milan, and now at Venice; Madame Shröder Devrient, and Madame Damoreau, from Paris, &c. &c. Of gentlemen, independently of most of our former favorites, we are promised the celebrated and long contested Tamburini, whose fine and delicious bass voice and brilliant execution are said to be unrivalled; Berardo Winter, first tenor at the Scala of Milan; Nourrit, from the Theatre de l'Opera at Paris, &c.

In the *ballet* we shall have the delightful Taglioni, and her brother, from the Theatre Konigstadt, at Berlin; together with Heberlé, Brugnolli, Samengo, Guerra, &c. each of whom, we understand, considers herself *THE FIRST danseuse* in Europe.

With respect to the pieces in preparation, we believe they are both various and of individual merit;—one of the great attractions of the season will undoubtedly be Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, of which Mr. Mason was fortunate enough to secure the copyright, whilst Mr. Bishop was sleeping at Calais, on his way, post haste, to Paris, for the purpose of witnessing its performance, on account of the Drury-Lane management. It will, of course, be translated into Italian. The composer himself is to superintend its production here; and what will add greatly to its interest, will be the appearance of Nourrit, and most of his co-adjutors of the Paris Opera, in their original parts. The acting and singing of Nourrit, in particular, is considered, by all the foreign critics, to be an unique and unapproachable performance. The following account of its first representation is abridged from *Le Figaro*:—

"This *Robert* is really an admirable work. Opera is there complete, with all its luxury and elevation of music, the pomp of its costume and decorations, and the magic of its poetical and picturesque effects. \* \* \* M. Meyerbeer has produced a great effort of genius; there are, in this opera, some pieces of a rare beauty; there are some superb effects. The scene where Robert loses at game,—the chorus of demons in the third act,—the duet between the Devil and Alice,—the trio, in the fifth act, between Robert, his father, and his foster-sister, are passages which would ensure this work a long existence, even though the rest were of a very inferior quality. It is not till after having several times heard this enormous score that one could pronounce upon all its real merits." We regret that we cannot enter into the details of the extravagant *applaudisemens* with which this performance was received; the scene was perfectly French.

To return homewards again, we must not omit to mention the Chorus and Orchestra, which, though by some considered of second or third-rate importance, we look upon as most essential features in

every operatic performance. We are glad to hear they are both receiving the attention they have so long and sometimes rather discordantly called for. The former, to our certain and personal knowledge, is of a most effective and superior order.

The house, as we mentioned once before, is undergoing a course of complete renovation and embellishment; the Concert-Room is also to be put into decent order; and the Philharmonic, and other musical meetings, will commence proceedings early in February.

## Drama.

### DRURY LANE.

*Friday.*—The Brigand; the Bride of Ludgate; No Song no Supper.

*Saturday.*—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

*Monday.*—Richard the Third; Hyder Ali.

*Tuesday.*—Lords and Commons; Clari.

*Wednesday.*—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

*Thursday.*—Lords and Commons; Hyder Ali.

### COVENT GARDEN.

*Friday.*—Isabella; the Barber of Seville.

*Saturday.*—The Beggar's Opera; Auld Robin Gray; the Irish Ambassador.

*Monday.*—The Beggar's Opera, Auld Robin Grey; the Irish Ambassador.

*Tuesday.*—Fazio; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

*Wednesday.*—Artaxerxes; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

*Thursday.*—Isabella; the Barber of Seville.

A pleasant little three-act comedy, entitled *Lords and Commons*, was produced on Tuesday, at Drury Lane. It is from the pen of Mrs. Gore, the clever authoress of several fashionable novels of a superior class, and the comedy of *The School for Coquettes*, which was last season acted with long and deserved *eclat* at the Haymarket. We have as great an aversion to detailing plots, as most people have to reading them, and shall, therefore, merely mention a few of the *dramatis personæ*, from which an idea of the general character of the new play may be imagined.

*Frank Melville* is a racketty young fellow, of the *Charles Surface* school, who, by dint of dissipation and extravagance, gains admittance into the select coterie of a few exquisite nobles, of black-leg reputation, who do him all kinds of "d—d good-natured" disservice. He has been placed in business with a *Mr. Quotient*, whom he speedily brings to ruin, and, moreover, refuses to marry his daughter *Selina*, on the plea of a previous engagement. This part was played by Wallack with spirit and activity; his white muslin handkerchief was, however, as usual, too flourishing a feature. *Sir Calch Kebobs*, a peppery old Indian guardian, affords Mr. Farren an opportunity of spluttering forth vengeance and disinheritance, in capital style; and Miss Phillips, who acted with more than



usual vivacity, rendered the part of *Selina* an elegant and amusing performance. The comedy was received with unqualified, but not enthusiastic, applause, and is an agreeable little trifle, though it has not substance enough to hope for a very long or brilliant career.

With respect to the other entertainments of the week, music has for some time been the main attraction at both houses. Miss Shirreff has made a successful appearance in *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, which, in the opinion of many of her friends, is a part better adapted to her talents than that of *Mundane*. However this may be, it is certain that this young lady is improving daily, and gaining confidence and favour on each repetition of her performance, though she must be sadly put to the blush by the flaring red type in which, with much bad taste, she continues to be placarded on the play-bills. Meantime Mrs. Wood, in a generous spirit of rivalry, is singing with brilliant effect, and actually electrifying the very walls of Drury Lane. The Pantomimes are to burst upon us in grand style on Monday.

## ADELPHI.

Monday.—Damon and Pythias; Victorine; Favorites in Town.

ANOTHER novelty has been brought out here, founded on the history of those true *Adelphi* of antiquity, whom Mr. Banim has already tragedized. Here, however, after the manner of the house, they are thoroughly *farced*; in a word, the new piece is an elaborate travesty of the old story. Yates exerted himself most manfully—rather most cockneyfully—to give effect to the sayings and doings of Mr. *Pythias Smith*, a gentleman who reluctantly takes the place of his cousin, *Damon Smith*, (Hemmings,) on his wedding-day, and whose perplexities form the staple of the piece. It was successful, but not to the extent of an Adelphi favorite; the acting and singing of the fascinating Fitzwilliam going a great way to save it. The new burletta of *Favorites in Town* has been already withdrawn.

## OLYMPIC.

Monday.—My Great Aunt; the Dumb Belle; the Widow; Gervase Skinner.

THE new burletta, which is from the pen of Mr. Bernard, goes off nightly with increased spirit and effect; while Liston and Mrs. Glover combine with Madame to draw overflowing houses. At Christmas, in place of a pantomime, we are promised something better—a new “burlesque burletta,” after the fashion of *Olympic Revels*.

## COBURG.

Thursday.—The Orphan of Russia; the Wept of the Wish-Ton Wish; the French Spy.

ON Monday, Mademoiselle Celeste added a new character to her stock—*Yelva*, the *Russian Orphan*. The original of the

drama is French, and it was dramatized some time ago for Covent Garden, without success, by Bishop, the composer. It has better fortune here; and as Celeste has much to do and little to say, she, of course, makes the most of her character. Mr. J. S. Grimaldi is to be the clown of the forthcoming Christmas pantomime.

## QUEEN'S.

Tuesday (the last night).—The Russian Captive; the Miller's Maid; Love and Mystery.

THE season here has wound up triumphantly. In Lord Burghersh's opera, two pupils of the Royal Academy of Music made their appearance—Mr. Fraser and Miss Bromley;—the latter, we believe, had already represented the same character when the piece was performed at the academy, and the former is not quite new to the stage. They both promise to become acquisitions. Rayner acted *Giles*, in *The Miller's Maid*, with great power; and little Miss Coveney entered into the very spirit of *Love and Mystery*, in the after-piece. We are to have a pantomime here; from its title, it promises plenty of fun, and seems to be well adapted to these troublous times. It is, *The World turned upside Down*; or, *Harlequin Reformer*.

## PAVILION.

Tuesday.—King Lear; the Fatal Dowry.

THE admirers of deep tragedy, it is hoped, were abundantly gratified here on Tuesday, when these two plays of the Elizabethan era were performed, in order to place in juxtaposition the acting of Messrs. Freer and Elton, in *Edgar* and *Lear*, *Romont* and *Charalois*. They both gave intense satisfaction to the oriental cognoscenti; and, if they would only moderate their ranting, be less terrific in their attitudinizing, and stamp the stage less outrageously, they would be truer to nature, and nearer the standard of Garrick and Kemble.

## GARRICK.

Saturday.—Richard III.; the Youthful Queen; the Idiot Witness.

THIS was the closing night, and peculiarly disgraced by one of those ridiculous and unbecoming assumptions too common on the minor stage: *Gloster* was sustained by a woman! We hope better things for the next season.

## MAJORS VERSUS MINORS.

“It is the cause—it is the cause.”

THE patent houses persist in their liberal competition with the minors. Each and every of the latter (except the Olympic and Adelphi, which are licensed by the Lord Chamberlain,) having been served with notice to desist forthwith from presenting any entertainments except those strictly warranted by the terms of their licenses, i. e. “music and dancing,” under peril of the pains and penalties of the law. This measure is, certainly, a bold one, but te-

merity is sometimes quite as unfortunate as cowardice. Can the managers who claim the exclusive right of representing *Hyder Ali* and *Timour the Tartar* expect that the public will quietly see all the places of amusement in the metropolis, except two or three in one neighbourhood, debarred from a privilege which they have so many years enjoyed unmolested? Can they expect, that if they ever succeed in bringing the thunders of the law to bear upon their numerous pigmy rivals, the law itself will not be altered to meet the exigencies of the case?—They not only seek, it would appear, to restrain the minors from performing the regular drama, but even from giving any drama at all,—or, at any rate, to bring matters to the state in which they once were, when a clown was prosecuted and punished for merely crying “Roast beef” in a pantomime! But those “good old times,” they may rest assured, are “gone—never to return.” The only consequence of their praiseworthy exertions will be to place dramatic performances in the minor theatres of the metropolis on a new and more authorised footing than before.

## CORRESPONDENCE, &amp;c.

J. C. is heartily thanked; his poetry must have been mislaid.

M. N. S. and *Alpha* will find notes at Mr. Westley's on Monday.

Henrietta S.—will be inserted, as will, probably, W. G. A.

FINE ARTS, &c. next week.

The *Athenæum* of last week, after deploring the “labour and cost of establishing a paper,” which “it had not had time to forget,” does us the honour of mentioning our paper, in company with one or two others of more or less respectability; hinting, at the same time, that, being “generally invited by the presentation of a first number to offer a few words of criticism,” it will report on us “this day six months,” if we require it.—We are obliged for *The Athenæum's* kind intentions, which, however, as far as we are concerned, are quite gratuitous and unsolicited. No copy of the first number of *The Literary Guardian* was ever sent by us to *The Athenæum*.

\* \* No. 15 of *The Literary Guardian*, (being the first number for 1832,) will be printed with an ENTIRELY NEW TYPE, now casting for the purpose.

ERRATUM in our last.—Page 185, col. 3, for “c'est un affair impossible,” read “une affaire.”

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